

The Evening World

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Our "Laughing Jackasses."

The sheep is considered a very patient animal. As a matter of fact it is only very stupid. But it gets the credit for great patience.

There is a bird in Australia called the "Laughing Jackass." 'Tis bird lights on the back of the sheep and pecks its way through wool and skin and flesh till it reaches the sheep's kidneys, which it relishes as a delicacy. The sheep is so very patient and so very stupid that it grazes on unreluctantly while the "Laughing Jackass" pecks away on its back. Finally the industrious bird gets its

60-bit and the patient sheep dies.

The average New Yorker would probably resent the idea that he is a human sheep. But just see what happens to him in the course of one day.

He gets up in the morning and eats a nutritious breakfast consisting of coffee made largely of Hogs' Livers, of milk made largely of Chalk, of bread made largely of Plaster of Paris. Then he boards his Rapid Transit "facilities" and dangles picturesquely from the end of a strap while his fellow-passengers use him as a human punching bag. Then he works all the morning in a miasma flatteringly called office "atmosphere." Then he goes out to luncheon and eats pie made of Plaster of Paris with some glucose thrown in. If he is temperate he drinks some more powdered Hogs' Livers; if he is not, he drinks whiskey made of wood alcohol or "seed oil." Then, puffing some opium neatly disguised as a cigarette, he makes his way back to the office "atmosphere" for his afternoon's work. When that is done he again goes through the assault and battery of the Rapid Transit on his way home. Safely arrived there, he can rejoice in a dinner concocted of sulphurous acids, salicylic acid, borax, aniline dyes, formaldehyde and quite a good many other chemicals all highly useful in their proper spheres, but by no means ideal aids to the digestion. Finally, when all the poisons he has swallowed have given him a headache, he can try to soothe it by taking a dose of injurious opiates sold for phenacetin. By that time he is quite ready for his bed if not for his coffin.

Decidedly the average New Yorker is carrying a lot of "Laughing Jackasses" on his back. He could get rid of them quickly enough if he would only exert himself. But, like the Australian sheep, he is too "patient."

Folk's Way: An Example.

When J. W. Folk was Prosecuting Attorney for St. Louis his way of stopping bribery and booting was to send the bribers and booters to the penitentiary.

So warmly did the people of Missouri approve of this rational and radical remedy that they elected Mr. Folk Governor.

Open and shameless lobbying, not only by professionals but by public officials of high station, has scandalized the Legislature of Missouri for years past. Gov. Folk's way of dealing with this evil was to issue an order requiring lobbyists to report in person to him upon their arrival in Jefferson City on legislative business, state their business and not remain in the time more than thirty hours in the city.

The lobbyists knew Gov. Folk "meant business." They are keeping away from the capital. "There are practically no lobbyists here," says the Governor.

There is a lesson for Commissioner McAdoo in Folk's method. The way to do a thing is to DO IT, not talk about it. The Court of Appeals has decided, as The World has shown, that the legal power of the Commissioner to reform his force is ample. What is needed now is not excuse, but action.

Some Good Has Been Done.

The propelling power of public opinion, applied to the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, has caused that corporation to "stir itself."

Since The Evening World began its fight for better transit conditions, a month ago, these improvements have been made or promised:

Three thousand more cars a week over the Brooklyn Bridge!

One thousand more cars a week over the Williamsburg Bridge!

The "jigger" cars on the Williamsburg Bridge are to be supplanted by big new cars.

These figures, verified by actual counts and comparisons, show how false was the claim that no relief can come until the company is allowed to project its terminal and tracks into the City Hall Park!

The cold wave helps the police by sending even criminals to shelter. Reform by frigidity cannot be depended upon to last.

Hunger has incited many revolts, but a revolution cannot run long on empty stomachs and shivering frames.

New York was under the rule of a "Great White Czar" yesterday—the Storm King.

The Subway was appreciated yesterday. No wonder the people cry for "More!"

The People's Corner.
Letters from Evening World Readers.

Wants More Lenox Avenue Trains.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
The Lenox avenue subway expresses seem to carry more cars than do the Broadway subway expresses. Yet the former are usually much more crowded. Why not continue the present excellent schedule of Broadway expresses and double the number of Lenox avenue trains? This would prevent the splendid subway from degenerating into the sardine-box, strap-hanging regime of the "L." This is not a kick, but just a friendly suggestion for the betterment of an already good road.
SEAT GRABBER.
Nov. 27.

The Car vs. Louis XVI.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Louis XVI. has been criticized for not being on the mob that opened the French Revolution. It is said by histo-

Said on the Side

A REPORTER'S story describes an east-side residence as "located in the heart of the cadet district." Pretty soon we may have the Madison Avenue Robinson-Jones referred to as "living in the centre of the dining-room hold-up district." Mr. and Mrs. Riverside Drive as "reading on the edge of the flat-roofed region," and Messrs. Hodgkin & Hodgkin as "doing business in the store burglary section." The present topographical division of the city into criminal areas permits of an extensive use of this form of description.

The police of Elgin have been ordered to put a stop to all flirting in that city. After they are through with that difficult assignment they should be competent to tackle the side-door situation in New York.

The "Little Father" section in Russia goes the way of the belief in Russia's military strength and other illusions of ignorance. The pricking of Russian bubbles is becoming a continuous process.

Old-fashioned winters have outlived their usefulness. What have we to do with the snows of yesteryear and its blizzards, too?

Elizabeth McCracken in her "Women of America" tells of a college girl who, having dropped her eyeglasses into a narrow opening between two walls, happened to remember that their frames were made of steel. She went to the physical laboratory, borrowed a magnet, tied a string to it, and lowering it carefully into the opening, gravely drew up the eyeglasses. The story used to be told of Herbert Spencer and a lake, but it loses none of its interest by its present application.

A Chicago woman killed herself because she could not give up cigarettes and a ship's quartermaster in Chesapeake Bay walked thirty miles to get a package. My Lady Nicotine's soft embrace develops in time a grip of steel.

"One of the most striking features of the trip is the glimpse one catches of millions of dollars' worth of machinery going to ruin, or hundreds of old cars and miles of outworn trackage." This is not the tale of a trip over the B. R. T. It is a report from the isthmus of Panama.

Cleveland is experimenting with three-cent fares on short-haul street-car lines. Give New York time. She has the habit of waiting till new ideas have been "tried on the dog." There is the skyscraper, the trolley car itself, the Subway, the municipal lighting plant project, all adapted from other cities.

Bossa composed his "Stars and Stripes" march while pacing the deck of an ocean liner. Probably noted their absence from the masthead and sought to supply the omission.

The advantage claimed of the "simple life cocktail" is that it makes you feel equal to leading it.

The best customers for perfumes are the royal ladies of the countries of the Middle East. Women of the harems of the Sultan of Turkey, the Shah of Persia and the Khedive of Egypt use more perfume and pay more for it than do the entire royal households of some of the principal countries of Europe. Next to such courts comes the Imperial Court of Russia. A first shipment of a novelty in sweet smells is always sent to those courts for a favorable verdict.

An objection to the \$9 a dozen golf ball is that it reduces the surplus high-erto available for high balls.

Something must really be done when the masked bandit pushes his way through the exclusive portals of a club. This is both a violation of law and of social etiquette.

A stickpin, the angle of a letter "A" and the print of human teeth on a knife sheath are little things on which to send a man to the gallows. But it is the overlooked trifles which usually lead to a murderer's undoing. The peculiar character of a cut made in a tablecloth with a knife did as much for a London murderer recently.

The continued-in-our-next story of granulated life-preservers and cotton hose loses nothing of the original horror of the first chapter. The Bloomer has now run a seven months' course in newspaper columns, grand jury rooms and Congress. When is it to get into court for a concluding chapter of conviction and punishment?

An out-between-the-acts nuisance crowding his way toward the aisle rail up against Gen. Sherman. "I beg a thousand pardons, General," he said, "but may I get by you?" "Yes," said Sherman, coolly, as he straightened his knees behind the young man, "if you don't come back."

Troubleski.

ONCE again we're up against it. When to Russia we must turn. And a lot of jaw-breaking. Names and places we must learn. Just as we were feeling easy. With Nanshan and Liangyang, Kurogakin, Vladivostok, Mukden, Dainy and Newchwang; just as we had mastered Balkai, Shan Hai Quan and Tai Chang, too, when we grappled with the Shaka, and were easy with Chetov, when we'd swallowed Yokohama, Rojstevsky and Yingchao, and could talk of Tachibana. All what we're up against right now! See about the Nevski Prospect, Chetovskis adds to our woes, Pavlovskis, likewise Alfayts. And say, what's a Tsarkovskoy? Preobrazhensky's grandeur. Strikes the ice upon the feelings chilly. Like the ice upon the feelings chilly. And around the Isle Vassili, Nijni-Novgorod and Kharkov, "Tiflis, Kazan and Moscow." We'll go roamin' off our trolleys, For we're up against it now.
WALTER A. SINCLAIR.

Mary Jane at the Photographer's.

She and Kickums Go to Have Their Pictures Taken, but It Doesn't Exactly Happen.

